

5, the Later Day Saints in 1, total 49, including the District of Columbia.

This is about Big Beartown and Little Beartown on the end of Droop Mountain, a place that many of you have heard about and few of you have seen. I have lived here and roamed these mountains for many years and I had never gone to see these places until last week until my belated course in geology gave me the opportunity to join an expedition there in company with Paul H. Price, Theodore C. Fearnow, and Calvin W. Price. This Mr. Fearnow is the fish raiser that the State has just hired to improve the breed of fish and stock the streams. He has had the scientific experience necessary. He is the second generation of fish culturist, being a son of E. C. Fearnow, of the national Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. He is here looking over the conditions of fish life in this county. You will have the same trouble with his unusual name that

I did, and I overcame it by calling him Dreadnaught.

This Beartown is a peculiar formation in the rimrock of Droop Mountain. This great mountain is a kind of a sport among the mountains of West Virginia, and it has not been greatly disturbed since it rose from the sea beyond losing something like a nine mile thickness of its superstructure. It has weathered down to a place that discloses a rare kind of glass sand that has given a name to this product of nature, and is known far and wide as Droop Mountain sandstone.

I have hear of Beartown all my life without having realized in the least what it is like and I do not know whether I will be able to describe it to you. As a matter of fact there is something so unusual and uncanny about the place that it produces a feeling of unreality. I think however that one of the sensations is similar to that of the first sight of the Natural Bridge, classed as one of the wonders of the world. In addi-

something so unusual and uncanny about the place that it produces a feeling of unreality. I think however, that one of the sensations is similar to that of the first sight of the Natural Bridge, classed as one of the wonders of the world. In addition to that it might serve as a place of retreat for a Rip Van Winkle. Also as a home of witches and goblins and elves, and the squidcumsquees that swallow themselves. It is not like a rattlesnake den. One feels that such creatures would not be allowed to live there. But I did see the hole that wunks live in.

To reach this natural phenomena you turn off the road at the log church near the Greenbrier line on the Seneca Trail, State Highway number 24, about seventeen miles from Marlinton. The side road leads by several farms for more than a mile to the end of Droop. The last farmstead to be passed is the Billy Mike Gilliland place, now occupied by his son, John Gilliland. This side road is rough for cars but is passable

THE GREENBRIER TRAIL

T. S. McNeel

of The last half mile is through a fine a well
ere chestnut forest. One big healthy most
ole chestnut tree was six feet in dia- and
ch meter. These fine chestnuts have gage
n been struggling with the mysterious we
ch blight that has crept down from the com
h- north and there is reason to hope wai
on that they will be able to survive. ly t
la There are many dead limbs and some ma
w are dying this year but on the whole bo
x, the trees have the appearance of cor
n- health. pu

7- Little Beartown lies on one side of sa
e the road and Big Beartown on the al
i other. Between the two passes the ei
old Indian war path now occupied in M
part by the road. Though but a few Jo
e steps away on either side of the to
o path, without a guide a visitor wou'd w
e pass both places without knowing it. d
As a matter of fact the forest screens n
both places, the tall trees growing y
from the streets of the magic city so r
as to present an unbroken forest a
s covering.

As to the left leads to the

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earth is a gaping crack which the
unwary might step into. This
crevice is about three feet broad,
fifty feet long, and twenty feet deep.
A fall into it would kill or injure and
it would be impossible to get out
without help. Then follows deep
irregular spaces walled with perpen-
dicular cliffs, and it is possible to
clamber down into most of the places.
The deepest is the place that is so
shaded and secluded that ice has been
known to remain there the whole
summer through, but of late years
the ice is carried away. Little Bear-
town does not present the appearance
of ever having been inhabited by
man or beast, though it is conceiva-
ble that bears may have denned
there.

On the other hand Big Beartown
with its streets and alleys and the
large number of lower and upper
births, and holes, appears to have
been peopled by cave dwellers. The
walls are about as high as two storied
houses and a street runs from ten to
twenty feet broad. We did not have
time to take measurements. There
are many places that would afford
shelter to men. Some of the apart-

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are many places that would afford shelter to men. Some of the apartments are close to the level of the street, but others are well out of the reach of the sabre toothed tiger or the tree eaters even. The most elaborate apartment was up about ten feet and appeared to have hand and foot holds cut in the rock at convenient places as though in the Neolithic age the cave dwellers had formed a rude ladder to the place. This hole in the wall was about eleven feet in to the cliff.

There had been a heavy rain but the streets were not running with water, but I think that in very heavy rains that they would show streams. Big Beartown is said to cover ten acres of ground but the woods were so thick that of this we could not judge accurately and we did not have time to explore it with any degree of thoroughness.

About all we did was to enter the silent city on Rock Street and continue along it for a certain number of rods until we came to an alley that led us to Stone Street on which we

thoroughness.

About all we did was to enter the silent city on Rock Street and continue along it for a certain number of rods until we came to an alley that led us to Stone Street on which we came back until another side street led us to the Neolithic Apartments, and after a few bewildering turns in that part of the city, we came back to the old Indian trail and then home.

The geologist says that it is a part of the process that all the mountains are undergoing in their return to the sea. The rains and the winds and the sun are all working on the rock and destroying it. There are a number of places on Droop Mountain where the rim rock shows these same signs of erosion.

My immediate hurry to get down to Beartown was developed in the study of the history of Captain William Poage, one of the first settlers of the Levels part of the county, about whom we had a goodeal to say last week. His house during the Revolution was on the Levels Terrace about a mile from Greenbrier River, at the Harry Harper farm, and it was sometimes called Poage's Fort, as most any strongly built

to the bank

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Revolution was on the Levels Ter-
race about a mile from Greenbrier
River, at the Harry Harper farm,
and it was sometimes called Poage's
Fort, as most any strongly built
house was called in those days. He
was captain of the militia and guard-
ed this part of the valley during the
dark days of the Revolution when the
Indians were let loose on the western
waters. A great deal of the bloody
history of those years was preserved
in Withers Border Warfare, but more
of it was lost by reason of there being
no printing presses in the wilderness.

More than fifty years after the close
of the Revolution, Congress passed an
act to pension the Indian fighters,
and those who had survived to 1833,
and who were very old men, could
obtain some money by swearing to a
detailed account of their services.
Fourteen such veterans proved their
claims as Indian fighters in this
county alone.

In Lewis county one Hezikiah Hess
made an affidavit to the effect that in
the year 1777, that he was engaged
as a spy and a ranger under Captain

claims as Indian fighters in this county alone.

In Lewis county one Hezikiah Hess made an affidavit to the effect that in the year 1777, that he was engaged as a spy and a ranger under Captain William Poage at his fort in the Levels and that in August of that year, that about a hundred Indian warriors appeared on Locust Creek near the lower end of Droop Mountain. That Captain Poage formed a junction with the men of Captain "Chain" (Chaney) and marched to attack them and found them concealed among rocks and fallen timber. There the Indians were attacked and routed. The Indians lost eleven men, none wounded, and the whites had five men wounded, no fatalities. The Indians were pursued as far as Gauley Mountain but escaped.

Hess names many of the streams of this section. He speaks of the killing on Tygarts Valley river and the raid on Anthony's Creek, and all his facts are true.

After Hess had drawn his pension for a time there was an investigation and he was dropped from the payroll on the ground that he was too young a man to have fought in the Revolutionary

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After Hess had drawn his pension for a time there was an investigation and he was dropped from the payroll on the ground that he was too young a man to have fought in the Revolution, but so far as I have heard his statements as to the activities of Captain Poage's command have never been questioned. Only his part in them. I am inclined to believe that the Indians were found in Beartown and routed.

Set down Beartown as one of the great sights of Pocahontas County.

The other day in Beartown we had